THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BLAIR,

CONTAINING

THE GRAVE, &c.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

LIFE

OF

ROBERT BLAIR.

"*THE life of a ſcholar,*" *Dr. Goldſmith has remarked,* "*ſeldom abounds with adventure: his fame is acquired in ſolitude, and the hiſtorian, who only views him at a diſtance, muſt be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is ſcarcely diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of mankind: but we are fond of talking of thoſe who have given us pleaſure; not that we have any thing important to ſay, but becauſe the ſubject is pleaſing.*"

This reflection is peculiarly applicable to the Author of the Grave, who was only remarkable for exemplary virtue and ſtudious retirement.

Robert Blair was the eldeſt ſon of the Rev. David Blair, one of the miniſters of Edinburgh, and chaplain to

the king. His mother was —— Niſbet, daughter of —— Niſbet, Eſq. of Carſin. His grandfather was the Rev. Robert Blair, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Scottiſh clergymen in the time of the civil wars; a deſcendent of the ancient and reſpectable family of Blair, of Blair, in Ayrſhire.

He was born about the beginning of this century; had the moſt liberal education in the univerſity of Edinburgh, and afterwards was ſent abroad by his father for his improvement, and ſpent ſome time on the continent. After undergoing the uſual trials appointed by the church, he was ordained miniſter of Athelſtaneford, in the county of Eaſt-Lothian, January 5, 1731, where he paſſed the remainder of his life.

As his fortune was eaſy, he lived very much in the ſtyle of a gentleman, and was greatly reſpected by Sir Francis Kinloch, baronet, of Gilmerton, patron of the pariſh, and by all the gentlemen in that neighbourhood. He was a man both of learning, and of elegant taſte and manners. He was a botaniſt and floriſt, which he ſhowed in the cultivation of his garden; and was alſo converſant in optical and microſcopical knowledge, on which ſubjects he carried on correſpondence with ſome learned men in England. He was a man of ſincere piety, and very aſſiduous in diſcharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher, he was ſerious and warm, and diſcovered the imagination of a poet.

He married Iſabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingſton; a lady of uncommon beauty and amiable manners. With her father, who had been profeſſor of moral philoſophy in the univerſity of Edinburgh, who was his relation, and had been left one of his tutors, he had been long and intimately connected; and, upon occaſion of his death, which happened ſeveral years before his marriage with his daughter, he wrote and printed a funeral Poem to his Memory, *which is thought worthy of being preſerved; and is accordingly inſerted in this collection.*

By his lady, who ſurvived him ſeveral years, he had five ſons and one daughter; of theſe ſons, Robert Blair, Eſq. of Avington, ſolicitor-general of his majeſty for Scotland, *is the fourth. His brother, Mr. Archibald Blair, was alſo a clergyman, and was ſettled in a pariſh near him in Eaſt-Lothian. One of his ſons, nephew to the poet, Robert Blair, M. D. is one of the commiſſioners of ſick and wounded in London, and well known for his ſkill in optics and aſtronomy.*

He died of a fever, on the 4th of February, 1746, *in the 47th year of his age; and was ſucceeded in his living at Athelſtaneford, by another poet, Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of Douglas.*

This is all that is known of Blair; an accomplished scholar, and an elegant poet, whose genius and virtue, though celebrated by some of the most eminent of his poetical contemporaries, have suffered such unmerited neglect, that his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography.

The following letter, dated Athelstaneford, February 25, 1741-2, and inserted in the "Epistolary Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge," published by the Rev. Mr. Stedman, of Shrewsbury, 1790, exhibits an advantageous specimen of his temper and disposition, and contains some interesting information relating to the composition and publication of The Grave.

"*You will be justly surprised with a letter from one whose name is not so much as known to you: nor shall I offer to make an apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner, and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that*

I may ſhow how willing I am to do ſo, I have deſired Dr. Watts to tranſmit to you a manuſcript poem of mine, intituled The Grave, *written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profeſſion as a miniſter of the goſpel, though the greateſt part of it was compoſed ſeveral years before I was clothed with ſo ſacred a character. I was urged by ſome friends here, to whom I ſhowed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the higheſt regard. Yeſterday I had a letter from the Doctor, ſignifying his approbation of the piece in a manner moſt obliging. A great deal leſs from him would have done me no ſmall honour. But at the ſame time, he mentions to me that he had offered it to two bookſellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the riſk of publiſhing it. They can ſcarce think (conſidering how critical an age we live in, with reſpect to ſuch kind of writings) that a perſon living three hundred miles from London, could write ſo as to be acceptable to the faſhionable and polite. Perhaps it may be ſo; though, at the ſame time I muſt ſay, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged ſometimes to go croſs to my own inclination, well knowing, that whatever poem is written upon a ſerious argument, muſt, upon that very account, be under peculiar diſadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts muſt be uſed to make ſuch a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of thoſe things. I beg pardon for breaking in*

upon moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

The difficulties stated by Watts in the above letter, probably prevented the publication of The Grave *during its author's lifetime. The first edition of it was printed in* 8vo, 1747.

The testimonies to the merits of Blair are few, when compared with his deserts.

"I know not," says Mr. Pinkerton, "that he wrote any thing else; but The Grave *is worth a thousand common poems. The language is such as Shakespeare would have used; yet he no where imitates Shakespeare, nor uses any expression of his. It is frugal and chaste; yet, upon occasion, highly poetical, without any appearance of research. It is unquestionably the best piece of blank verse we have, save those of Milton."*

THE GRAVE.

THE HOUSE APPOINTED FOR ALL LIVING.——JOB.

WHILST ſome affect the ſun, and ſome the ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe travellers meet.——Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal King! whoſe potent arm ſuſtains
The keys of hell and death.——The grave, dread thing!
Men ſhiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs.——Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful waſtes!
Where nought but ſilence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant ſun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.——Thy fickly taper
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd miſty vaults,

(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy ſlime)
Lets fall a ſupernumerary horror,
And only ſerves to make thy night more irkſome.
Well do I know thee by thy truſty yew,
Cheerleſs unſocial plant, that loves to dwell
'Midſt ſkulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghoſts, and viſionary ſhades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their myſtic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;— the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd mid'ſt the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illuſtrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a ſound ſo dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud; the gloomy aiſles
Black plaiſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of 'ſcutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The manſions of the dead.——Rous'd from their ſlumbers,
In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe,
Grin horrible, and obſtinately ſullen,
Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged ſhow,
Long laſh'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchleſs trunks; others ſo thin a-top,
That ſcarce two crows could lodge in the ſame tree.

Strange things, the neighbours ſay, have happen'd here:
Wild ſhrieks have iſſued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or goſſiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen,
By glimpſe of moon-ſhine chequering through the trees,
The ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel at his back,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phraſe who lie below.
Sudden he ſtarts and hears, or thinks he hears,
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels;
Full faſt he flies, anddares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new-open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow, too, I've ſometimes ſpy'd,
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
Whilſt burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill, ſhe thinks,

She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave!—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom love has knit, and ſympathy made one?
A tie more ſtubborn far than nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul;
Sweetner of life, and ſolder of ſociety,
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to pleaſe.---Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the ſhrill-tongu'd thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty-blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd every note:
The eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dreſs.———Oh! then the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haſte: ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull grave---thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;

Branding our laughter with the name of madneſs.
Where are the jeſters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleaſant? Where the droll,
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd muſing melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæſars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleaſure tore
From kings of all the then diſcover'd globe;
And cry'd, forſooth, becauſe his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how ſlim, diſhonourably ſlim,
And cram'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife.
Mute, muſt thou bear the ſtriſe of little tongues,
And coward-inſults of the baſe-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolefted and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid

In mode and form, ev'n to a very ſcruple;
Oh cruel irony! theſe come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon ſlave that's bury'd
In the high-way, unſhrouded and uncoffin'd
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence, of high deſcent,
Above the baſer born, to rot in ſtate.
But ſee! the well-plum'd hearſe comes nodding on,
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their perſons by the hour,
To mimic ſorrow, when the heart's not ſad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the ſun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy ſhow; whilſt from the caſements
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks cloſe wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte,
Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fall'n into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir?—'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'ſt
Below the envy of the private man.
Honour, that meddleſome officious ill
Purſues thee ev'n to death; nor there ſtops ſhort
Strange perſecution! When the grave itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.

Abſurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours.
The beſt concerted ſchemes men lay for fame,
Die faſt away: only themſelves die faſter.
The far-fam'd ſculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Theſe bold inſurancers of deathleſs fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm;
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hyeroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable ſight:
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and miſ-ſhapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wreſtle, but in vain,
With all-ſubduing time: her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice waſteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who ſwam to ſov'reign rule through ſeas of blood;
Th' oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waſte,
And in a cruel wantonneſs of power
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up
To want the reſt; now, like a ſtorm that's ſpent,
Lie huſh'd, and meanly ſneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral ſcorn

That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable.——Here too the petty tyrant,
Whoſe ſcant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm ſo ſhort,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And gripp'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of miſery;
(As if a ſlave was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common nature with his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jeſt; vaſſal and lord,
Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.
When ſelf-eſteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we were ſomething
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainſays the ſmooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe, unknown before,
The grave diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies foil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low laid,
Whilſt ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek
The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glaſs?
T' improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,

And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwol'n heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.
Strength too—thou ſurly, and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down
With greater eaſe, than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling
That raſhly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguiſh heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, gaſps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play—What now avail [ders?
The ſtrong-built ſinewy limbs, and well-ſpread ſhoul-
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning; hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly!
While the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow croſs his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his laſt.—See how the great Goliah,
Juſt like a child that bawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill.—What mean'ſt thou then, O mighty boaſter,
To vaunt thoſe nerves of thine! what means the bull
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife?

With ſtudy pale, and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar ſurveying ſage cloſe to his eye
Applies the ſight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In ecſtaſy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very ſoon thy firmeſt footing fails;
And down thou dropp'ſt into that darkſome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here, the tongue-warrior lies diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers by.
Great man of language,—whence this mighty change,
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Though ſtrong perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt
Unceaſing.——Ah! where is the liſted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of phraſe?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perchance ſome hackney hunger-bitten ſcribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along:
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage,
And warm with red reſentment the wan cheek.

Here, the great maſters of the healing art,
Theſe mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,

Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Reſign to fate.—Proud Æſculapius' ſon!
Where are thy boaſted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ſhip could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eſcap'd thy rifling hand;—from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt the ſhy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly nor inſect,
Nor wrythy ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſearch.
But why this apparatus; why this coſt?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas? thou ſpeakeſt not.—The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly, when the cheat's found out.
Here, the lank-ſided miſer, worſt of ſelons,
Who meanly ſtole (diſcreditable ſhift)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh curſed luſt of gold; when for thy ſake,
The fool throws up his intereſt in both worlds:
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O death!
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions:
Who counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,

Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help;
But ſhrieks in vain!—How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might ſhe ſtay, to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage——Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.——But the foe,
Like a ſtaunch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through every lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.
Sure 'tis a ſerious thing to die! my ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repaſs'd
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And every life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt: body and ſoul muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty ſource,
The witneſs of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noiſome grave,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.
If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear, death:—then might the wretch

That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or ſteel;
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open.—Who could force
The ill pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himſelf as timely as he can,
When able.——But if there's an hereafter;
And that there is, conſcience, uninfluenc'd
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man:
Then muſt it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our iſland's ſhame,
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it Heaven.—Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be fully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage,
To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how ſhort, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till Heaven ſhall give permiſſion:
Like ſent'ries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away

Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves,
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard, that ſouls departed, have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm.—But what means
This ſtinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon a point ſo nice?—I'll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.
Death's ſhafts fly thick:—Here falls the village ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who ſo artful as to put it by!
'Tis long ſince death had the majority;
Yet ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The ſexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.——Scarce a ſkull's caſt up,

But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.——Thus hand in hand
The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
not,
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.
On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could ſcarce have leiſure for.——Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourſelves
At the ſame time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than ſottiſh,
For creatures of a day, in gameſome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehenſive; when for ought we know,
The very firſt ſwol'n ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on,
With a reſiſtleſs unremitting ſtream;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize.——What is this world?
What? but a ſpacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's ſpoils, the ſpoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes
To cover our own offspring: In their turns
They too muſt cover theirs.——'Tis here all meet,
The ſhiv'ring Icelander, and ſunburn'd Moor

Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Chriſtian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His ſov'reign's keeper, and the people's ſcourge,
Are huddled out of ſight.——Here lie abaſh'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated maſters of the balance,
Deep read in ſtratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-ſkill.—Death ſcorns to treat;
Here the o'erloaded ſlave flings down his burden
From his gall'd ſhoulders;—and when the ſtern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm,—and quick as thought eſcapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary reſt.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling ſtream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love),
Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down,
Unblaſted by ſoul tongue.——Here friends and foes
Lie cloſe; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain preſbyter,
E'er while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like ſiſter ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock has ſplit.
Here is the large-limb'd peaſant:—Here the child
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her ſons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, ſevere, and gay coquette,

The ſober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a roſe before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe ev'ry-day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.--The ſhrill-tongu'd ſhrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good; the worthleſs and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean;
The ſupple ſtateſmen, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.
Poor man!—how happy once in thy firſt ſtate!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,
Smil'd on his laſt fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the ſoul ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſeveral parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cauſe they ſhould;
For all was pure within: no fell remorſe,
Nor anxious caſtings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful-boſom.—Summer ſeas
Show not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds
Juſt ready to expire—ſcarce importun'd,
The generous ſoil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days!—But ah! how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.

Oh! ſlippry ſtate of things.—What ſudden turns!
What ſtrange viciſſitudes in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory!——To-day moſt happy,
And ere tomorrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject.
How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes!
Thus far'd it with our ſire:—Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradiſe.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up, when ſtrait he muſt be gone,
Ne'er to return again.——And muſt he go?
Can nought compound for the firſt dire offence
Of erring man?——Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain.
Not all the laviſh odours of the place,
Offer'd in incenſe, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.——A mighty angel,
With flaming ſword, forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewell round.—At once he loſt
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now,
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has ſinn'd,
Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try: nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! deſtructive meaſure!
Where the worſt thing could happen, is ſucceſs.)
Alas! too well he ſped:—the good he ſcorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return;—or if it did, its viſits,
Like thoſe of angels, ſhort and far between:
Whilſt the black demon, with his hell ſcap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the raſh error, which he could not mend:

An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havoc haſt thou made, foul monſter, ſin!
Greateſt and firſt of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimenſions!—But for thee
Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious things
Of vileſt nature!—Other ſorts of evils
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
That belches molten ſtone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Mars the adjacent fields for ſome leagues round,
And there it ſtops.---The big-ſwoln inundation,
Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its ſhore it cannot paſs.
More dreadful far than thoſe! ſin has laid waſte,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Diſpatching at wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and, for their ſakes, defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the foodful grain and loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed thing!---Oh! where ſhall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors?---Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendently malign,
That toads and ſerpents, of moſt deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmleſs.---Sickneſſes
Of every ſize and ſymptom, racking pains,
And blueſt plagues are thine.---See how the fiend

Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round!
Whilſt deep mouth'd ſlaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new ſpilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.
But hold, I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
My father's nakedneſs, and nature's ſhame.
Here let me pauſe, and drop an honeſt tear,
One burſt of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all thoſe ample deſerts death hath ſpread,
This chaos of mankind.---O great man-eater!
Whoſe ev'ry day is carnival, not ſated yet!
Unheard-of Epicure! without a fellow!
The verieſt gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abſtinence are fought
To edge the appetite: Thou ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,
And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up,
This, leſs than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his cravings.
As if diſeaſes, maſſacres, and poiſon,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.
But know, that thou muſt render up thy dead,
And with high int'reſt too.---They are not thine,
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound from brazen trump
Of ſtrong-lung'd cherub, ſhall alarm thy captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.———
Then muſt thy doors fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,

In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire,
And inquiſition of the forge.---We know
Th' illuſtrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God thee foil'd ---Him in thy power
Thou could'ſt not hold:---ſelf-vigorous he roſe,
And, ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon retook
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhow'd himſelf alive to choſen witneſſes,
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left.---This having done,
He mounted up to heaven.---Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the ſevering clouds: but the feint eye,
Flung backwards in the chaſe, ſoon drops its hold;
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: As a great prince
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train.——It was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be,
Death only lies between.---A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will ſoon go off.——Beſides, there's no bye-road
To bliſs.---Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to purer air, and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er-ſetting ſun?---Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be, where ſweets unwith'ring bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.

So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's ev'n,
Faſt by the riv'let's brink, a youngſter play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late.---Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding ſtep
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long-wiſh'd-for ſhore.---Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing!---Death diſarm'd,
Loſes its fellneſs quite.——All thanks to him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out.——Sure the laſt end
Of the good man is peace!---How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well-ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
(High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away:
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the vaſt coming harveſt.---Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.---Oh! how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!---the glad ſoul
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd.---Ev'n the lag fleſh
Reſts too in hope of meeting once again

Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain:---The time draws on
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long-committed duſt
Inviolate:---and faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account; not the leaſt atom
Embezzl'd, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each ſoul ſhall have a body ready furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own.---Hence, ye profane!
Aſk not, how this can be?---Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.---Almighty God
Has done much more: nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: and when he can, he will:
His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt,
(Not unattentive to the call) ſhall wake:
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its firſt ſtate.——Nor ſhall the conſcious ſoul
Miſtake its partner, but amidſt the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to ſee the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the ſhut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away:

A POEM,

Dedicated to the Memory of the Late Learned and Eminent

MR. WILLIAM LAW,

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

IN ſilence to ſuppreſs my griefs I've try'd,
And keep within its banks the ſwelling tide;
But all in vain: unbidden numbers flow;
Spite of myſelf, my ſorrows vocal grow,
This be my plea.---Nor thou, dear ſhade, refuſe
The well meant tribute of the willing muſe,
Who trembles at the greatneſs of its theme,
And fain would ſay what ſuits ſo high a name.
Which from the crouded journal of thy fame,
Which of thy many titles ſhall I name?
For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,
By undiſputed right before his own,
Variety thou haſt: our only care
Is what to ſingle out, and what forbear.

Though ſcrupulouſly juſt, yet not ſevere;
Though cautious, open; courteous, yet ſincere;
Though rev'rend, yet not magiſterial;
Though intimate with few, yet lov'd by all;
Though deeply read, yet abſolutely free
From all the ſtiffneſſes of pedantry:
Though circumſpectly good, yet never ſour;
Pleaſant with innocence, and never more.
Religion worn by thee, attractive ſhow'd,
And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd:
Unlike the bigot, from whoſe watery eyes
Ne'er ſunſhine broke, nor ſmile was ſeen to riſe;
Whoſe ſickly goodneſs lives upon grimace,
And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.
Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor,
And taught the fatherleſs to know thy door;
From griping hunger ſet the needy free;
That they were needy was enough to thee.
Thy fame to pleaſe, whilſt others reſtleſs be,
Fame laid her ſhyneſs by, and courted thee;
And though thou bade the flattring thing give o'er,
Yet, in return, ſhe only woo'd thee more.
How ſweet thy accents! and how mild thy look
What ſmiling mirth was heard in all thou ſpoke!
Manhood and grizzled age were fond of thee,
And youth itſelf ſought thy ſociety.
The ag'd thou taught, deſcended to the young,
Clear'd up th' irreſolute, confirm'd the ſtrong;
To the perplex'd thy friendly counſel lent,
And gently lifted up the diffident;
Sigh'd with the ſorrowful, and bore a part
In all the anguiſh of a bleeding heart:
Reclaim'd the headſtrong, and with ſacred ſkill
Committed hallow'd rapes upon the will:

Sooth'd our affections, and, with their delight,
To gain our actions, brib'd our appetite.
Now who ſhall, with a greatneſs like thy own,
Thy pulpit dignify, and grace thy gown?
Who with pathetic energy like thine,
The head enlighten, and the heart refine!
Learn'd were thy lectures, noble the deſign,
The language *Roman*, and the action fine;
The heads well rang'd, the inferences clear,
And ſtrong and ſolid thy deductions were:
Thou mark'd the bound'ries out twixt right and wrong,
And ſhow'd the land-marks as thou went along.
Plain were thy reaſonings, or if perplext,
Thy life was the beſt comment on thy text;
For if in darker point we were deceiv'd,
'Twas only but obſerving how thou liv'd.
Bewilder'd in the greatneſs of thy fame,
What ſhall the muſe, what next in order name?
Which of thy ſocial qualities commend?
Whether of huſband, father, or of friend!
A huſband ſoft, beneficent and kind,
As ever virgin wiſh'd, or wife could find;
A father indefatigably true
To both a father's truſt and tutor's too.
A friend affectionate and ſtaunch to thoſe
Thou wiſely ſingled out; for few thou choſe;
Few, did I ſay, that word we muſt recal,
A friend, a willing friend thou waſt to all.
Thoſe properties were thine, nor could we know
Which roſe the uppermoſt, ſo all was thou.
So have I ſeen the many-colour'd mead,
Bruſh'd by the vernal breeze, its fragrance ſhed:
Though various ſweets the various field exhal'd,
Yet could we not determine which prevail'd,

Nor this part *roſe*, that *honey ſuckle*, call,
But a rich blooiny aggregate of all.
And, thou, the once glad partner of his bed,
But now by ſorrow's weeds diſtinguiſhed,
Whoſe buſy memory thy grief ſupplies,
And calls up all thy huſband to thine eyes,
Thou muſt not be forgot. How alter'd now!
How thick thy tears! How faſt thy ſorrows flow!
The well-known voice that cheer'd thee heretofore,
Theſe ſoothing accents, thou muſt hear no more.
Untold be all the tender ſighs thou drew,
When on thy cheek he fetch'd a long adieu.
Untold be all thy faithful agonies,
At the laſt anguiſh of his cloſing eyes:
For thou, and only ſuch as thou, can tell
The killing anguiſh of a laſt farewell.
This earth, yon ſun, and theſe blue tinctur'd ſkies,
Through which it rolls, muſt have their obſequies:
Pluck'd from their orbits, ſhall the planets fall,
And ſmoke and conflagration cover all:
What then is man? The creature of a day.
By moments ſpent, and minutes borne away,
Time, like a raging torrent, hurries on;
Scarce can we ſay *it is*, but that 'tis gone.
Whether, fair ſhade! with ſocial ſpirits, tell,
(Whoſe properties thou once deſcrib'd ſo well),
Familiar now thou heareſt them relate
The rites and methods of their happy ſtate;
Or if, with forms more fleet, thou roams abroad,
And views the great magnificence of God,
Points out the courſes of the orbs on high,
And counts the ſilver wonders of the ſky;
Or if, with glowing ſeraphim, thou greets
Heaven's King, and ſhouteſt through the golden ſtreets,

That crowds of white rob'd choriſters diſplay,
Marching in triumph through the pearly way.
Now art thou rais'd beyond this world of cares,
This weary wilderneſs, this vale of tears,
Forgetting all thy toils and labours paſt,
No gloom of ſorrow ſtains thy peaceful breaſt.
Now 'midſt ſeraphic ſplendours ſhalt thou dwell,
And be what only theſe pure forms can tell.
How cloudleſs now, and chearful is the day!
What joys, what raptures, in thy boſom play!
How bright the ſunſhine, and how pure the air!
There is no difficulty of breathing there.
With willing ſteps, a pilgrim at thy ſhrine,
To dew it with my tears the taſk be mine;
In lonely dirge, to murmur o'er thy urn,
And with new-gather'd flowers thy turf adorn:
Nor ſhall thy image from my boſom part,
No force ſhall rip thee from my bleeding heart;
Oft ſhall I think on all I've left of thee,
Nor ſhall oblivion blot thy memory:
But grateful love its energy expreſs
(The father's gone) now to the fatherleſs.

FINIS.

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